The Poet's Corner.

"I AM THY FOOL."
(Moriturus Regem Salutat.)

Smile once more, my king, my friend,
Smile once more at me,
Let me only to the end
Your brave jester be.

All the merriment I know
There's a hand arresting:
With an easy heart I'd go,
Could I leave my jesting.

See, I'm just as strange and quaint,
And my mood's as wild—
Oh, why is your laughter faint?
Smile as once you smiled.

Every smile I won from you
Was an instant's peace;
While the world's work you went through
You had this release.

What you gave me I know best,
I can never tell—
I had nothing but a jest—
Say I jested well.

Smile once more, my king, my friend,
Smile once more at me—
Could I only to the end
Your brave jester be.

MAY KENDALL, from "Dreams To Sell."

THE QUEER WAYS OF OUIDA.

She Is Somewhat of a Crank and Keeps People on Nettles When Near.

I think, by all odds, the most grotesque and absurd little creature who ever came to London was the novelist, Ouida, said a London woman of fashion to a correspondent. She was here two years ago, and there was a constant reign of terror among the women until she left; everybody was afraid of being put into her next book. Talk about her beautiful eyes or tempestuous manner is talk of the most absurd kind. She is almost small enough to be a dwarf, with no particular color to her eyes or hair, ill fitting gowns and the most extraordinary independence that has ever been known. Instead of stopping with the many people who invited her to stay with them, she went off and lived alone at the Langham hotel, because she felt that there her movements would be unrestricted.

She was the great woman of the season here, and the most intractable and unmanageable one we ever had. She went to see whoever interested her without waiting for the form of an invitation or even an introduction. For instance, one day early in the afternoon she took an umbrella, put on a pair of sturdy walking boots and walked down to the city and all around St. Paul's churchyard and back to the Langham hotel, for exercise. Her squat little figure attracted some attention on the streets, and apparently the physical exertion set her brain going, for she made up her mind offhand to go and see two or three people whose names were known to her, and to whom she was more or less attracted on that account. She came up from St. James on her way to the city, stopped at Arlington street and told the man that she wished to see the Marchioness of Salisbury. The man took Ouida's card, sauntered up stairs with it to the drawing room, and when he got there found that Ouida was stalking calmly along at her heels. As he entered the drawing room with the card Ouida pushed by him and went up to the marchioness and shook her warmly by the hand. As the marchioness had never seen her and had not yet seen the card, she was rather surprised; but after a few minutes' pause she was more or less interested in the whimsical novelist, and they chatted along for nearly an hour.

Then Ouida rose, took her umbrella, started to go, and, changing her mind, sat down again, and told the marchioness that if she would send for Lord Salisbury she would see him. This manner of asking for the prime minister of England as though he were kept on tap as it were, and ready to be produced at a moment's notice to any one who cared to drop in at Arlington street, was too much for the marchioness. She would have stood anything but that; but she was the wife of a diplomat, and she told Ouida gravely that the marquis had gone to Downing street and hence could not be seen. Thereupon the novelist expressed a slight regret, seized her umbrella and drifted out. That was a specimen of the way she passed her time in England. It is a curious thing, by the way, that a woman with such a wonderful fount of humor as Ouida displays in her little book, "A Rainy Month in June," should be so utterly destitute of humor herself. Once in a while, in talking, she is odd and grotesque, but never in the least degree witty. I dined with her several times, but I never discovered any of the gleams of humor in her talk which are so prevalent in that odd little book. By the way, before she left she announced that there was only one man in England who was worth looking at or talking to, and he was Oscar Wilde.—New York Sun.

The Difference.

A little tot of a boy sat in the Fourteenth street ferry house last evening surrounded by papers he had to sell.

His eyelids grew heavy. The winks were frequent, and finally he fell over on his side fast asleep. His left arm served for a pillow and his right leg lay gracefully over his left.

The flies had a merry time frisking over the little fellow's face and bare feet.

Any one could have taken his papers without paying for them, but customers picked them up and threw down their pennies, while the boy slept on.

Two motherly looking women saw him.

"Oh, the dear little fellow," said one; "he's all tired out."

Perhaps the women had little boys of their own at home, and were glad they were not compelled to sell papers for a living.

"Be careful and not wake him up," said the other woman, and she stood over him and fanned the flies away.

A ferryman in blue clothes and brass buttons came along. He looked like a giant beside the little sleeper.

Pushing the women aside, the big man shook the little boy roughly and told him to get up and attend to business.

The incident illustrated the difference between the gentle, sympathetic nature of a woman and the stern, hard heartedness of a man.—New York Evening World.

Banking for Chinese.

One of the largest of Boston's banking houses makes a specialty of deposit accounts with the Chinese of the city, who all place their money in this establishment's hands. The aggregate of such deposits made by the gentry of the flowery land is at any one time very large, while the personal accounts of the fantan gamblers, who are the rich men of the celestial colony here, run far up into the thousands of dollars. An important part of the business done with them consists in selling drafts for money sent to Asia.

Much trouble was found at first in keeping accounts with these pig tailed capitalists, owing to the curious fact that each Chinaman, as a rule, has several names, which are employed in such a manner as to be a trifle confusing. He always has at least three, and sometimes more. He has one name as a boy. When he gets to be a man he takes a new one. Upon going into business he adopts a third. No one of these three seems to be used in connection with the others, and, inasmuch as a fresh designation is accepted every time he goes into a new laundry enterprise, the paying teller finds some difficulty now and then in securing a satisfactory identification. When a laundry is sold out, too, the proprietor's business name goes with it to the purchaser, and thus transfers of personal titles are constantly taking place, occasioning no end of confusion. But banking for Chinamen is an occupation all by itself, and must be acquired by special study.—Washington Star.

NEED OF MOTHER'S CARE.

LET THERE BE CONFIDENCE BETWEEN MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

The Difference Between European and American Customs in This Particular—A Mother's Watchfulness Needed in the Ballroom, the Theatre and at Home.

We read that the foreigner, on coming to this country, is amazed at the relation of the American mother and daughter, the attitude of the latter being so entirely different from that he has seen in any other civilized land. If we have never considered the subject before, we look about us and see that the charge is true, for neither in our homes nor in those of our friends do we find that the American girl regards her mother's word as the ultimatum; to be quite fair, we are obliged to acknowledge that the opposite is the case, and when meet a daughter entirely obedient, deferring to her parent and, above all, reverencing her opinion, we are conscious of a feeling of surprise. In the average American home the mother, perforce, remains in the background, the ambitious and educated daughter bringing a new atmosphere about her which intimidates and often oppresses the less educated parent to such a degree that she usually retires from the drawing room into her own private room, where a slip of grammer is not a serious matter and the conversation consists of some lighter topic than evolution and the poetry of Browning.

THE MANEUVERING MOTHER.

In the home of fashion and culture the mother has her set of acquaintances and particular fads, and is often so wearied with the demands upon her time as to leave little or no leisure to look with close attention upon the coming and going of her young daughter.

She, poor child, has made her debut and has been launched into the gay world by a grand ball; cards have been sent to all desirable people, wealth and social distinction have united in making her welcome to her share in the great scramble called "society," and now she is left to do her best, to hold her own, for she will meet many who in their eagerness for the race will push and jostle her hitherto innocent notion out of sight, and teach her that all is fair in the social war, where victory implies a rich marriage or such prestige as will open doors closed but to the favored few.

"Have I ever heard of that detesatble creature called the maneuvering mother?"

O, yes, and I astonish my interlocutor by replying: "I respect her more than the careless mother, for the maneuverer betrays an interest and care for her young, and in a measure looks out for her welfare and compels the child to feel that she is still held accountable to some specified authority. My young countrywoman, feeling that she is her own mistress and a law unto herself, steps out with the freedom of a rapid pacer, who, being free of check rein, gets off the track before he knows it, and when 'time' is called is with his jockey quite out of hearing."

It is this question of calling time with which I wish to deal. Who is to call time? How often it is needed, those who go to balls and large assemblages of any sort will agree.

My young countrywoman, as sweet as a rose—for who can compare with the American girl in her early bloom!—comes to the ball with her partner, a young fellow. Where is her matron? Mother is at home or engaged elsewhere; perhaps her name has been mentioned to one of the patronesses, but this is not the rule, and so mademoiselle has it all her own way; she may sit all evening under a shading palm, discussing sweet nothings, or she may dance with one man simply because his step and hers agree, or, if one of the quieter sort, she may remain at the wall, sad and forlorn.

MUCH SORROW MAY BE AVOIDED.

This carries us on to the more serious occupation of courtship; when a young man visits a young lady, I hold that some of her family should at least be seen as inhabiting the same house; if he is only an occasional caller, or a suitor, the necessity is equal; where there is a parlor and library adjoining why may not the parents sit in the next room, an indorsement for their daughter, their age and experience making a proper background for her youth and innocence?

No good man will shrink from a girl because she is an object of proper solicitude on the part of her natural care takers, and he will feel that that more honor is due her, from the fact that she has been jealously guarded from any evil during the period of her girlhood.

Then the parents would become acquainted with their daughter's friends, and have some knowledge of the men who frequent their house, instead of delaying the introduction, as is sometimes the case, until after the engagement, when it is too late to make objections and the contract must stand, come weal or woe, and in how many cases "woe" is the result we have but to turn to the register for divorce to learn.

Much sorrow and trouble might be avoided by perfect confidence being observed between mother and daughter—protecting love from the one, tender dependence from the other.

The parent living her youth over again in the fresh impulsiveness of her child, which recalls to her memory the dear old days when her step was light and her heart free from care. The daughter, reading in the mother's eye that sympathy and tenderness which no one on earth but a mother can give, and, guided by the larger experience, learns to shun so many of the pitfalls into which the unguarded easily fall.

We have homes for foundlings, homes for drunkards, homes for old men and women—all excellent in their several ways, and no one more grateful for them than I. But let us beware of a career like Mrs. Jelleby lest in bestowing our attention upon our Boorioboola Gha we come to neglect our nearest duty and so leave our young daughters to pursue their own ways, forgetful of the fact that from the time of their emancipation from the nursery they need a mother's watchfulness, whether in the ball room, the theatre, or the house.

If the mother is ill and unable to go about, let the nearest relative be delegated to take charge; anything is better than the custom—now almost a common one—of young girls going into public unattended, thereby bringing upon us the just criticism that our guardians are too lax, our children too progressive, and our manners too free.—Felicia Hall in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Glass Window in the Umbrella.

There need be no further excuse for allowing your umbrella to drip down the neck of your dearest friend in a rain storm, or running amuck of the hurrying wayfarer coming from the opposite direction. The rainy day collision is one of the greatest profanity provokers of wet weather, and the Englishman who invented the glass window by which one's course in a storm may be sighted, deserves the thanks of Christian men throughout the world. This window consists of a small oval piece of glass with a brass or silver frame which is easily mounted in a rib of the umbrella, while it is fixed to the silk by sewing it through the little perforated holes in the frame. These windows can be placed in new or old umbrellas in a manner which will not injure the fabric in the least.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Women and Newspapers.

The newspaper has so cunningly and unobtrusively insinuated itself into the good graces of the gentler sex that it has quite outrivaled a class of literature at one time the intellectual food most palatable to the appetite of the average woman. Nowadays, if in the busy rounds of social and domestic duties my lady can claim an hour all her own, that hour is given to the earnest perusal of her favorite daily. She no longer goes skimming through the news in a half hearted sort of a way, but is wide awake to the current discussions of the day, giving to them such deep and careful attention that she finds herself well armed at all points with a knowledge that enables her to meet the questions of the moment in a skillful and diplomatic manner, thus adding one more to her long list of feminine attractions.

Men have for so long a time accustomed themselves to regard the fair ones as bright bits of femininity to be petted, loved and admired for their prettiness, their sweetness and their grace, that the intellectual side of a woman's nature has been sadly overlooked and neglected. Having been brought to a realization of this she refuses any longer to occupy this pedestal of fragile nonentity, preferring to step down and take her place in the community as a thinking, reasoning being, and, as a rule, her efforts in this direction are characterized by a keenness of observation as surprising as it is alluring.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Women Who Work.

The number of women, both single and married, now looking for employment is greater than ever before. The salaries for young men in clerkships and other genteel employments have become so reduced that few can afford to marry unless the woman is willing to put "her shoulder to the wheel" and help with her means to keep the pot boiling. The trouble usually is that when the wife commences to work outside of her home the husband becomes careless and frequently allows the chief burden of their support to rest upon her.

It is always better, when it is possible, for the wife to leave the providing to her husband, and devote her energies to make a comfortable home and encourage his efforts, but in many cases ill health and the impossibility of obtaining paying employment prevent the husband from doing his duty in this respect. Should this happen, it is well for a woman to be prepared, and in the early days of married life it is easy to acquire either a trade or profession that may stand their friend in the future. A good dressmaker or milliner need never suffer for lack of means, a competent artist or musician can utilize her gifts to advantage, if necessary; typewriting is easily acquired, and a woman who can make a good loaf of bread, a crisp roll of first class pastry, need never know the want of a dollar.—New York Star.

Russian Women.

Speaking of the women in Russia, Lady Randolph Churchill notes that "most Russian ladies smoke cigarettes, in one of the drawing rooms generally set apart for that purpose, causing a continual movement, which takes off the stiffness of a formal dinner party and enables people to circulate more freely." "Speaking many languages," continues the writer, "having read profusely, light in hand, Russian ladies form the most charming society possible and act as a tonic on a sluggish mind accustomed to the moral and physical fogs of London. They dress well, but affect the heavy richness of well dressed Germans (if such can be found) rather than the graceful and airy nothings which make up a Frenchwoman's dress. Black is held in abhorrence at the court, being considered ugly and unlucky, and any one venturing to wear it in the royal presence is not only looked upon with disfavor, but is likely to hear of it. How strange that Russian women, so eminently fitted by nature and education to influence and help those struggling in the higher vocations of life, should have, seemingly, but one ambition—to efface themselves, to attract no attention, to arouse no jealousies. Yet I doubt not that their influence is felt, but it is not open and fearless as in America or England."

They Already Had That.

A party were stopping at a country house on the North river, near New York, including as guests, Mrs. Arthur Welman, Mrs. David King, Mrs. Coleman Drayton, nee Augusta Astor, Mrs. Walker Breese Smith, Mr. S. H. Olin, Mr. Charles Robinson and others of like ilk. Every one had gathered in the drawing room after dinner, and all were feeling contented with themselves as well as at peace with the outside world, when it was suggested, as a pastime, that every lady should state the gift she most coveted, and the possession of which she would most prize. With prompt acquiescence each registered her choice. Mrs. Welman wished for the most exquisite jewels extant, Mrs. King desired to be the best dressed woman in society, Mrs. Drayton preferred to own the handsomest turn outs, while Mrs. Smith craved popularity. Now, Charles Robinson is nothing if not frank; springing from his chair, he exclaimed: "Heavens! don't any of you care for beauty?" And he does not yet understand that he made a bad break.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Sound Legal Opinion.

E. Bainbridge, Munday Esq., County Atty., Clay Co., Tex. says: "Have used Elictric Bitters with most happy results. My brother also was very low with Malarial Fever and Jaundice, but was cured by timely use of this medicine. Am satisfied Electric Bitters saved his life."

Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., adds a like testimony, saying: He positively believes he would have died, had it not been for Electric Bitters.

This great remedy will ward off, as well as cure all Malarial Diseases, and for all Kidney, Liver and Stomach Disorders stands unequaled. Price 50c. and $1. at GEO. M. WOOD's Drugstore.

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Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholestmeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

English Coach Harness!

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WANTED SALESMEN to canvas for the sale of Nursery Stock. A full line of leading specialties. Salary and Expenses paid to successful men. *Mention this paper.* C. L. BOOTHBY, Nurseryman, East Park, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT Life Insurance Company.

NEWARK, N. J.

AMZI DODD, - - President

ASSETS (Market Values) Jan. 1, 1889.	$43,514,460.54
LIABILITIES. New York and Mass. Standard,	40,151,937.33
SURPLUS, - - -	3,362,523.21
SURPLUS, by former New York Standard, (Am. Ex. 4½ per cent. Reserve),	5,734,253.21

Policies Absolutely Non-Forfeitable After Second year.

IN CASE OF LAPSE the Policy is CONTINUED IN FORCE as long as its value will pay for; or, if preferred, a Paid up Policy for its full value is issued in exchange.

After the second year Policies are INCONTESTABLE, except as against intentional fraud; and all restrictions as to residence, travel or occupation are removed.

CASH LOANS are made to the extent of 50 per cent. of the reserve value where valid assignments of the Policies can be made as collateral security.

LOSSES paid immediately upon completion and approval of proofs.

BLOOMFIELD SAVINGS INSTITUTION.

Annual Report to the Legislature as required by law, of the affairs and condition of the Bloomfield Savings Institution. January 1, 1889.

ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages	$90,500.00
U. S. Bonds (market value)	19,500.00
Interest due and accrued	2,480.75
Cash on Hand and in Bank	16,928.85
	$129,409.60

LIABILITIES.

Due Depositors including interest to date	$117,899.94
Surplus	$11,509.66

Interest is credited to depositors on the first day of January and July in each year for the three and six months then ending. Deposits made on or before the first business day in January, April, July and October, bear interest from the first day of the month. All interest when credited at once becomes principal and bears interest accordingly.

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MONDAY, JULY 15th

With an immense array of seasonable wear for Men, Women and Children. No such Slash in Prices has ever heretofore been made as we inaugurate this Sale with! Every line of goods Reduced! Every Department included.

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A visit to the NEWARK BEE HIVE always repays itself, but during this Sale doubly so.

Cut Prices On

Suits	Canes
Jackets	Suspenders
Jerseys	Ribbons
Wrappers	Veiling
Shawls	Jewelry
Boys' Clothing	Leather Goods
Bathing Suits	Fans
Skirts	Hair Goods
Corsets	Toilet Needs
Muslin Wear	Trimmings
Upholsteries	Ruchings
Baby Carriages	Stationery
Curtains	Notions
Trunks	Worsteds
Bags	Embr'd'y Materials
Felt Goods	Framed Pictures
Shoes	Mirrors
Parasols	Gloves
Umbrellas	Buttons
Dry Goods!	Handkerchiefs
Dress Goods	Made up Lace Goods
Collars	Merino Underwear
Cuffs	Hosiery
Dress Shirts	Rubber Coats
Outing Shirts	Laces
Boys' Waists	Embroideries

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Close 6 P M; Saturdays 11 P M.

LEADINE THE ONLY SELF SHINING STOVE

HIS MAJESTY, THE KING.

I met him at the Grosvenor ball
Was introduced in style,
He was distinguished, slim, and tall,
And wore a princely smile.
When he moved he dwarfed all men,
His voice had royal ring,
Each miss and spinster dubbed him then
His majesty, the king.

The belles of our set—with their eyes
Followed where'er he went,
And mammas whispered in surprise,
"Oh! dear, what sentiment."
But he had eyes for none but me,
The Frazers felt the sting
As I flounced past so they could see
His majesty my king.

I might attempt to tell my dreams,
But all attempts would fail,
I roamed with him by sylvan streams,
I went with him to sail.
A thousand smiles were at his beck,
To me he still would cling,
He asked my love, I couldn't reject
His majesty the king.

Here I would stop, but love and truth
Go always hand in hand,
No one knew how this handsome youth
Had mingled with our band.
But I ere long found something out
(Some queer events do spring)
Which fairly twisted round about
His majesty the king.

Well, let me give my moral now—
Don't take things as they seem,
One day a sight along Park Row
Rudely dispelled my dream.
Three burly bluecoats in a line,
Dragged along on a string—
Whom do you think? Oh! heart of mine,
His majesty! my king!

—William Lyle.

A Rat at His Chin.

In an old house situated on Hamilton street resides a Bohemian family. The house stands a short distance from the water, and is infested with large wharf rats. On Saturday night last the mother was aroused about midnight by the screams of her 2-year-old child, who was sleeping beside her. The child had rolled down beneath the bedclothing to the center of the bed, and the mother reached down to lift the child up. In doing so her hand came in contact with a huge rat. She immediately dropped it with a scream. The rat dashed across her body, leaped to the floor and disappeared through a large rat hole in the room, which had been previously covered, but the rodent was strong enough to force the covering from the place. The child was bitten on the arm, but not severely, as its screams probably caused the rat to pause. On Sunday night Andrew Toudy, a boarder in the same building, was awakened about midnight by a feeling of suffocation. His first impression was that a burglar had entered the room and grasped him by the throat. But to his horror he discovered a huge rat standing on his neck, its teeth buried in his chin, and the rat calmly sucking his blood. The young man jumped up with a cry of alarm, and, grasping the rodent by the back, he hurled it to the floor and dispatched it.—Bridgeport (Conn.) Farmer.

Located Him at Last.

"Seen anything of that husband of mine?" inquired a Spring street woman of a policeman as she came out of the house just before 6 o'clock in the evening and peered up and down the street.

"No," said the officer.

"What's that crowd up there on the corner?" she asked.

"They're watching some men cutting a sewer pipe in two."

"Jim wouldn't be there. What's all all them folks doing down the other way?"

"They're looking at a man painting a new sign on the liquor store window."

"Jim ain't there, neither. Anything else going on in the neighborhood?"

"Well, there's about two hundred men around a sick horse that has laid down up one block in Varick street."

"That's it—I knew something of that kind was keeping him. He's right down in front holding the horse's head and telling the driver jess what he wants to do. Here, you young one, run around where the sick horse is and tell your pa to come straight home to supper if he expects to get any here to-night."—New York Tribune.

First Glance.

Fifty years ago the famous surgeon of London was Sir Astley Cooper. He was remarkable for his manual dexterity and also for the quickness and accuracy with which at a glance he took in the whole situation. A striking proof of his penetration was given on his being called to attend a Mr. Blight, who had been shot by an unknown assassin.

The moment Sir Astley examined the wound he said: "A pistol has been fired at you with the left hand."

On seeing Mr. Patch, Blight's partner, he was so struck by the peculiar expression of his countenance that he whispered: "If that gentleman were left handed I should suspect him of being the murderer."

Patch was left handed, and, on being tried and condemned, confessed his guilt.—Youth's Companion.

A Woman's Club.

The only women's club of Philadelphia is the New Century, which consists merely of a number of classes, to all of which members are admitted. Members pay an annual due of $10, and outsiders buy season tickets to any class they wish to join. From this New Century club has grown the Workingwomen's guild, which numbers nearly seven hundred members. These two organizations do an immense amount of good in Philadelphia, and they are sustained by a number of Quaker women who teach night classes, and in every way try to improve the general welfare of members, particularly those of the guild.—Leslie's Newspaper.

Henry Was a Success.

"Tell me, Uncle Charles," pleaded Amelia, "do you think that Henry will make a good husband?"

"I think he will," replied Uncle Charles, without hesitation. "I offered him a cigar last evening, and he took it as freely as it was given. When he opened his coat in search of a match he exposed his waistcoat, and its two upper pockets were filled with cigars. I have no hesitation in saying that Henry will prove a saving, economical husband."—Boston Transcript.

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Parlor and Chamber Suits, Bureaus, Bedsteads, Sofas, Lounges, What-Nots, Book Shelves and Cases, Brackets, Looking Glasses, Etc.

OIL CLOTH, CARPET LINING, MATTING.

Mattresses and Spring Beds ALWAYS ON HAND.

Upholstering and Repairing ... neatness.

Ironing Shirts.

After the shirt is washed and dried, take the bosom wrong side out and fold it together in the center. Moisten a tablespoonful of starch in a little cold water, then add a pint of boiling water, stir until the whole is perfectly clear. Dip the bosom, wrong side out, into this starch, dip your hands in cold water and wring the bosom while it is still very hot. Rub the starch in thoroughly, taking care not to get the least particle on the right side of the bosom. Rub it in, and if you find all parts are not sufficiently moistened, dip it the second time. When the shirt is perfectly starched, shake it out and fold both sides of the bosom again together, thus bringing the side seams together also; straighten the sleeves. Now fold the sides of the shirt over on the front, and, beginning at the neck, roll it up tightly. Fold it in a towel, and put it in a cold place several hours, or over night. I say a cold place, because the starch would sour if kept in a warm place many hours.

Now for the ironing. Iron first the neck band, then the sleeves, then the back of the shirt, then the front, and last the bosom. Put under the bosom a rather hard, smooth bosom board; cotton flannel is the best material for covering, and one thickness under a plain muslin cover is quite sufficient. Spread over the bosom a wet cloth, and iron it over quickly with a very hot iron; then remove the cloth, and, with a perfectly smooth iron, as hot as can be used without scorching, rub the bosom rapidly up and down, not crosswise, at the same time holding and pulling the bosom into shape. If you have a polishing iron, use the rounded part of the iron, thus putting all the friction on a small part at one time, giving full benefit of the gloss of both starch and linen.—Table Talk.

Norwegian Beds.

A good bed, clean, well aired, and neither too hard nor too soft, is a luxury not to be found at every inn. A traveler in Norway complains feelingly of the beds of that country, so hard and small, and so poorly made up. Possibly the people get so weary with their day's work that they have no need of luxurious couches when night comes. As hunger is the best sauce, so sleepiness is the best pillow.

How it has ever come about that the Norwegian notion of beds should be so restricted, I am at a loss to imagine. They are simply child's cribs—no more; as short as narrow, and in many instances so narrow that it is impossible to turn over quickly in them without danger. I have again and again been suddenly waked, finding myself just going over the edge.

The making of them is as queer as the size. A sort of "bulkhead" small mattress is slipped in under the head, lifting it up at an angle admirably suited to an asthmatic patient who cannot breathe lying down, or to a small boy who likes to coast down hill in his bed of a morning.

The single pillow is placed on this; the short, narrow sheet flung loosely over it; blanket, ditto; coverlet, ditto—it may or may not be straight or smooth. The whole expression of the bed is as if it had been just hastily smoothed up temporarily till there should be time enough to make it.

In perfect good faith I sent for a chambermaid one night, in the early days of my Norway journey, and made signs to her that I would like to have my bed made, when the poor thing had already made it to the very best of her ability, and entirely in keeping with the customs of her country.—Youth's Companion.

Nervous Children.

I want to say a word about nervous children. Never scold or make fun of them. They suffer enough without your threats or sarcasm. Don't let them know you see their awkwardness when in company nor their grimaces when alone. A case was reported by The Boston Globe of a boy 10 years old, who, on being vexed, and often without any apparent provocation, will clench his hands and make the most frightful contortions of the muscles of his face and head till his poor mother fears he is idiotic. By no means. He is the brightest boy in his class at school, fond of reading and of natural history, but he is of a highly nervous temperament, and has not been taught to control the little wires, so to speak, on which he is strung.

This is no single case. There are thousands of children who give way to their nerves in similar fashion. Never whip them, but talk to them about these curious little strings that should be made their servants, not their masters. A prominent physician in this city says the man or woman who whips a nervous child should for every blow given receive five, and is on a level with brutes that have no reason. It is our duty to encourage and help them. Be patient with them. They are the making of our future successful men and women, for they will work hard at whatever they undertake. Brace up your own nerves first and then be indulgent toward the capers of your over-nervous children.—Christian Union.

A Heroine of the Civil War.

An incident of the war was recently related at Richmond by Capt. Henry Hudnall, chairman of the Republican city committee, as follows: "The battle at Big Bethel Church, the first great struggle of the late war, was fought the 10th of June, 1861. The Confederate forces, commanded by Gen. Magruder, were encamped down in Tidewater, Va. We had been expecting the Federal forces to attack us for several days, but up to the night of the 9th they had shown no sign of advancing.

"About 2 o'clock the morning of the 10th our sentinels were astonished to see a beautiful young woman gallop into camp on the bare back of an old farm mule. She had traveled four miles through fields and woods that dark night, had passed several Federal scouts, and our forces were aroused with the cry:

"'The Federals are advancing!' The excitement was great. Our troops had not more than time to form lines when the great struggle began. The Federals were driven back, and it was due to the heroism and bravery of the fair young Miss Maggie Mitchell that the Confederates gained the first battle of the war."—Chicago Tribune.

When to Give Medicines.

Iodine or the iodides should be given on an empty stomach. If given during digestion the acids and starch alter and weaken their action. Acids, as a rule, should be given between meals. Acids given before meals check the excessive secretion of the acids of the gastric juice. Irritating and poisonous drugs, such as salts of arsenic, copper, zinc and iron, should be given diretly after meals. Oxide and nitrate of silver should be given after the process of digestion is ended; if given during or close after meals the chemicals destroy or impair their action. Potassium permanganate, also, should not be given until the process of digestion is ended, inasmuch as organic matter decomposes it and renders it inert. The active principle of the gastric juice is impaired and rendered inert by corrosive sublimate, tannin and pure alcohol; hence they should be given at the close of digestion. Malt extracts, cod liver oil, the phosphates, etc., should be given with or directly after food.—Medical World.

At a ball in Paris a lady wore shoes each of which had a watch inserted in the leather near to her toes.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
Office of Comptroller of the Currency,
WASHINGTON, June 22d, 1889.

WHEREAS, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that "The Bloomfield National Bank" in the Township of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex and State of New Jersey has complied with all the provisions of the Statutes of the United States, required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of Banking.

Now, therefore, I, Edward S. Lacey, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify, that "The Bloomfield National Bank," in the Township of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex and State of New Jersey is authorized to commence the business of Banking, as provided in Section Fifty-one hundred and sixty-nine of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

In testimony whereof, witness my hand and seal of office, this 22nd day of June, 1889.

[SEAL.] E. S. LACEY, Comptroller of the Currency.

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IN CHANCERY OF NEW JERSEY.

TO MEHITABLE HALSEY—By virtue of an order of the Court of Chancery of New Jersey, made on the day of the date hereof, in a cause wherein Phineas J. Ward is complainant, and you and others are defendants, you are required to appear, plead, demur, or answer to the complainant bill, on or before the twenty-third day of July next, or the said bill will be taken as confessed against you.

The said bill is filed to foreclose a mortgage given by John Marshall and Mary C. Marshall, his wife, to Phineas J. Ward, dated the twenty-second day of May, eighteen hundred and seventy-six, on lands in the Township of Montclair, Essex County, New Jersey, and you are made defendant because you hold an encumbrance on said lands.

Dated May 22d, 1889.

GALLAGHER & RICHARDS,
Solicitors of Complainant,
745 Broad St., Newark N. J.

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IN CHANCERY OF NEW JERSEY.

TO MEHITABLE HALSEY, GEORGE MARTIN AND GEORGE S. MYERS—By virtue of an order of the Court of Chancery of New Jersey, made on the day of the date hereof, in a cause wherein Phineas J. Ward, is complainant, and you and others are defendants, you are required to appear, plead, demur, or answer to the complainant's bill, on or before the twenty-third day of July next, or the said bill will be taken as confessed against you.

The said bill is filed to foreclose a mortgage given by John Marshall and Mary C., his wife, to said Phineas J. Ward, dated the twenty-second day of May, eighteen hundred and seventy-six, on lands in the Township of East Orange, and you are made defendants because you held encumbrances on said lands.

Dated May 22d, 1889.

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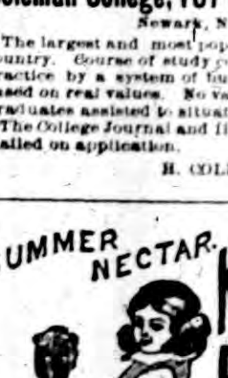

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